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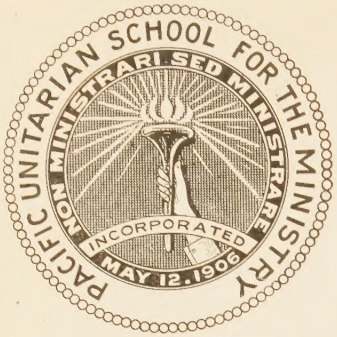


BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

CHARLES WILLIAM WENDTE

# MEMORIALS

OF THE

# Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

## FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

OF

## CINCINNATI, OHIO,

**JANUARY 21st, 1880.**

Compiled by

C. W. Wendte

PRINTED FOR
THE UNITY CLUB.

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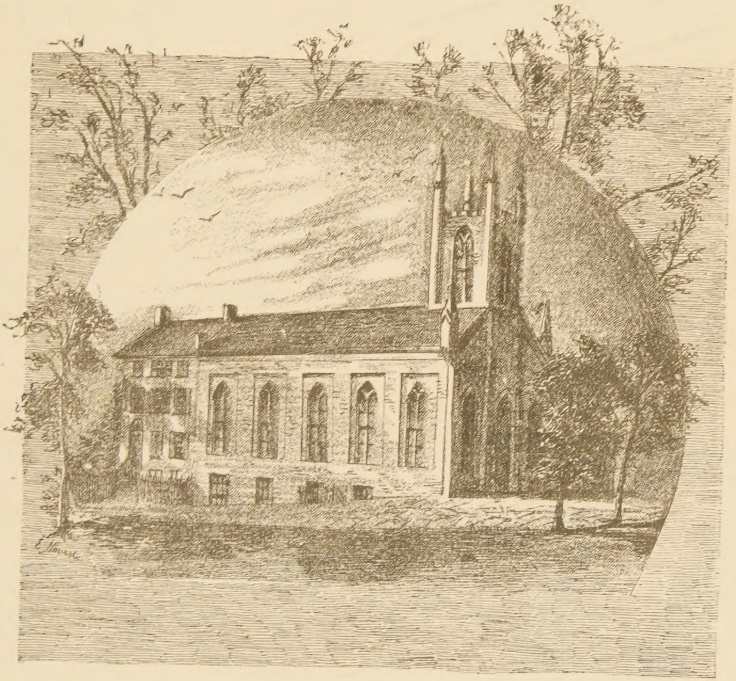

The First Congregational Unitarian Church, Cincinnati.
Erected 1830; Torn Down 1864.

# MEMORIALS

OF THE

# Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary

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## FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

OF

## CINCINNATI, OHIO,

JANUARY 21st, 1880.

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# INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati was observed by a special service of commemoration in the church building, corner Plum and Eighth streets. The altar had been beautifully decorated with green garlands and flowers. A large company was in the pews and participated in the printed order of service. The historical review, communications, and letters read are included in this memorial volume. At the conclusion of the very interesting and impressive exercises, the congregation repaired to the parlors below, where a collation had been spread by the ladies of the society, the older members occupying a table together at the upper end of the room. The walls and tables were decorated with evergreens and flowers. There was also exhibited a collection of portraits of former ministers and members of the church, which included an excellent pencil sketch of the first church edifice of the society on the corner of Fourth and Race streets (since demolished), drawn by Mrs. Ephraim Peabody in 1832, and kindly loaned by her for this occasion. Brief addresses were made during the evening by the pastor, who presided over the feast; by John Kebler, Esq., who made tender reference to various deceased members of the church, and spoke enthusiastically of its prospects for the future; by Capt. Robert Hosea on "The Unitarian Outlook"; by Judge Manning F. Force, who paid a warm tribute to the labors and sacrifices of the women of the church; Hon. Alphonso Taft, who affirmed that a free and rational religion was a necessity for a free state; by Mr. Edward Goepper, on behalf of the younger members of the society; Rev. T. M. Johnson, who extended a greeting from the Universalist connection; Michael Tempest, Esq., Dr. Seth Saltmarsh, and other friends. At a late hour the meeting broke up with the hearty singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

21107

1830. 1880.

# ORDER OF EXERCISES

I. Organ Voluntary, . . . by Theodore Stanwood, Esq.

II. Prayer by the Pastor, . . . Rev. C. W. Wendte.

III. Hymn, . . . . . by Rev. A. A. Livermore.

1. A Holy air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

2. O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not thee nor thine.

3. But by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

IV. A Historical Review of The First Congregational Church, by John D. Caldwell, Esq.

V. Reading of Communications from former Pastors and Members.

VI. Hymn, . . . . . by Rev. Jas. H. Perkins.

1. It is a beautiful belief,
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry,
To watch o'er others here.

2. To lend a moral to the flower:
Breathe wisdom on the wind;
To hold commune, at night's pure noon,
With the imprisoned mind;

3. To bid the mourners cease to mourn,
The trembling be forgiven;
To bear away from ills of clay
The infant, to its heaven.

4. Oh! when delight was found in life,
And joy in every breath,
I cannot tell how terrible
The mystery of death.

5. But now the past is bright to me,
And all the future clear;
For 'tis my faith that after death
I still shall linger here.

VII. Religious Poems written by Rev. John Pierpont, D.D., and Rev. C. G. Fenner, . read by Miss Clara E. Nourse.

VIII. Congratulatory Letters.

IX. Original Hymn—Tune, "Fair Harvard."

1. They are gone, the first laborers, earnest in toil,
Who tilled for the Master the field;
Through their furrows we tread as we cast o'er the soil
The seed that rich harvests shall yield.

*Refrain.*

Rejoicing, not weeping, we fare through the land,
And scatter our handful of seed:
Of each earnest effort, of each ready hand,
The Lord of the Harvest hath need.

2. We sow as we go what we stay not to reap,
"God giveth the increase" alone.
Will His harvest ungarnered be, e'en though we sleep
When the ripe golden grain shall be grown?

*Refrain.*—Rejoicing, etc.

3 The night cometh swiftly—then work while we may
At this task we are trusted to do:
With light hearts at sunset we'll lay it away
If our toil has been faithful and true.

*Refrain.*—Rejoicing, etc.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

X. The Benediction.

---

A Social Re-Union and Collation in the Church Parlors immediately after the conclusion of the Exercises.

# LIST OF COMMITTEES

## *On Invitations.*

ROBERT HOSEA,
ALPHONSO TAFT,
JOHN KEBLER,
JOHN K. COOLIDGE,
MANNING F. FORCE,
RICHARD B. FIELD,
JOHN D. CALDWELL,
EDWARD P. CRANCH,
JOHN W. HARTWELL,
GEORGE H. HILL,
ROWLAND ELLIS,
FAYETTE SMITH,
MICHAEL TEMPEST,
CHARLES W. WENDTE.

## *On Exercises.*

THE PASTOR,
MISS SALLIE ELLIS,
MRS. GEORGE HOADLY,
W. H. VENABLE,

## *On Social Re-Union.*

MRS. ANNE RYLAND,
MRS. CALEB ALLEN,
MRS. WILLIAM H. SAMPSON,
MRS. THEODORE STANWOOD,
MRS. SETH EVANS,
MRS. CHAS. TRUESDALE,
MRS. E. G. LEONARD,
MRS. H. C. WHITMAN,
MRS. JOSIAH BRIDGE,
MRS. JEREMIAH PETERS,
MRS. ELIHU GREEN,
MRS. MARY RUSSELL,
MRS. A. O. TYLER,
MRS. J. O. EATON.

## *On Decorations.*

WM. BELLOWS.

# HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

# FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

OF CINCINNATI.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

N. E. Cor. Plum and Eighth Sts.

# HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF

# THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CINCINNATI

By JOHN D. CALDWELL.

'Aready it is history—
We may tell what our fathers did.'

Three generations have arisen in Cincinnati since the organization here of the First Congregational Church. But a few survivors of that pioneer band remain to unite with us in the felicitations which the attainment of its Semi-Centennial evokes. It is from their reminiscences and the somewhat scanty memorials contained in the written records of the society, that the following brief account of its destinies for half a century has been prepared. One of the founders of the First Congregational Church in Cincinnati, Hon. Wm. Greene, late Lieut. Governor of Rhode Island, who was, in a peculiar sense, the Father of the Church, and who is—thank Heaven—still spared to add his testimony and congratulations to our festival of commemoration, writes us:

"The first decisive step in the Unitarian movement in Cincinnati, more than half century ago, was the assembling at the City Council Chamber, of a large number of citizens in favor of the establishment of a Unitarian Society in Cincinnati. This meeting was held in response to an invitation published in the Cincinnati Gazette, at the instance of several gentlemen who were prominently favourable to the object. At the meeting thus assembled, a committee was appointed to take the necessary steps for the procurement of a charter. This was obtained at the next subsequent meeting of the Legislature of Ohio, and bore the date of January 21st, 1830. The corporators and first trustees named in said charter were Elisha Brigham, Jesse Smith, Nathan Guilford, George Carlisle and Wm. Greene.

"For some time previous to their action at the Council Chamber, those favourable to and interested in the undertaking had been kindly favoured with

professional visits by distinguished Unitarian clergymen from New England. This kindly interest was long continued after the establishment of the church. I cannot speak too strongly of the great value and constantly encouraging influence of the generous services of our Eastern Brethren."

Among these Eastern brethren, thus gratefully referred to, were the Rev. Charles Briggs, of Lexington, Mass., the agent of the American Unitarian Association, and the Rev. John Pierpont, D.D., both of whom were deeply interested in the New West as a field for missionary operations in behalf of Liberal Christian principles. Mr. Pierpont, at that time pastor of the Hollis Street Church, in Boston, made a report to the Association in June, 1828, of his five weeks' stay in Cincinnati, in which he says, "You ask me what judgment I formed of that city. I shall tell you as briefly as possible. It is one of the most flourishing and rapidly increasing cities of our country. The material for building up a Unitarian Society in this place I believe to be abundant and of good quality. The most enlightened among the different sects are fast becoming at odds with the exclusive and horrible systems of Calvin and his would-be followers. And if a Unitarian Church could be built and a pastor settled, there is all good reason to believe that the society would soon be, to say the least, as numerous and respectable as any in the city.

"In every place there seemed to be a growing dissatisfaction with the religious sentiments generally preached. The people are getting tired of hearing changes rung on the sublime mysteries of the Westminster Catechism. They want something more simple and practical; something whose tendency is both to enlighten the understanding and to purify the heart, and we believe that the doctrines of Unitarianism, which are those of pure Christianity, are every way calculated to supply this want and to effect those all important purposes for which they were designed by the Author and Finisher of our Faith."

Mr. Pierpont spoke wisely and truly. At Cincinnati clustered a cultured few of New England blood, who were the active movers in initiating Common Schools and educational institutions in the city and State, and were notably efficient also in benevolent enterprises. It is not invidious to mention

here the names of Nathan Guilford, Micajah J. Williams, Charles Stetson, Timothy Flint, George Carlisle, John C. Vaughan, William Goodman, James H. Perkins and William Greene, early members of the Unitarian Church, who were eminently devoted to such works of culture and philanthropy. Carrying this spirit of enlightenment and good will into the realm of religious thought and feeling they speedily became dissatisfied with the popular theology and preaching of their day, and for a time met on Sundays at each other's houses for conversation and discussion of ethical and religious topics. These private gatherings led in turn to public meetings at the City Hall and elsewhere, and finally resulted, as Mr. Greene has concisely stated, in the organization of the First Congregational Church and its subsequent incorporation. During a part of the year 1830, the Rev. Charles Briggs, who had been sent out by the American Unitarian Association, officiated as pastor to the young society, which was under obligations to the Universalist and New Church or Swedenborgian societies for the use of their rooms for its public worship. In the meantime, a lot of land had been purchased, at a liberal rate, from Elisha Brigham, on the south-west corner of Race and Fourth streets, and on the 23d of May, 1830, the society, with thankfulness and joy, dedicated its newly built temple to the worship of the One God. The sermon for the occasion was preached by the Rev. Bernard Whitman, of Waltham, Mass. An ode had been written by Rev. John Pierpont (see appendix), and an original hymn by Timothy Flint, Esq.

The young society flourished abundantly. In September, 1830, the Rev. E. B. Hall (later stationed at Providence, R. I.), became its first regular pastor. Concerning his vigorous and hopeful ministry, but few memorials are found in the church records, but his son contributes a genial word to our Semi-Centennial festival, which will be found in the pages following. Mr. Hall also formulated a declaration of principles which held its own in the church for some years, and was signed by a number of the members.

On the 20th of May, 1832, the Rev. Ephraim Peabody, a man of singular purity and loveableness of character, a scholar

and a poet, was installed as minister. Rev. James Walker, D.D., preached the sermon, and Rev. Francis Parkman, of Boston, gave the Charge and the Address to the People. In the course of his discourse Mr. Walker said: "I believe that Unitarianism will prevail in the West. Not that I expect its spread here or elsewhere will depend wholly or chiefly on the abilities or exertions of Unitarians themselves. Its spread, like that of the truth generally, must depend on the progress of civilization, the diffusion of useful knowledge among the people, and the general assertion and application of the great principles of religious liberty and free inquiry."

The original hymns sung on this occasion, and which were doubtless written by Mr. Peabody himself, are preserved in the appendix. Among the activities in which the newly-settled minister was engaged was the publication, in 1835 and following, of "The Western Messenger," a monthly which contained valuable contributions, especially those from the pen of James H. Perkins. Soon, however, this fresh tie was severed by the ill health of Mr. Peabody, and the beloved pastor was transferred to another field. The tender word his son gives in another place in this memorial volume, fitly describes the sentiment still felt towards his gracious memory by all who came within the circle of his influence. For some time coming the church had to content itself with pulpit supplies mainly from the East. Among others, the veteran Rev. Aaron Bancroft, father of the historian, preached here in 1836. For some six and nine months respectively, the Revs. C. A. Bartol and Samuel Osgood ministered to the shepherdless flock. Revs. James Freeman Clarke, Wm. Silsbee and Christopher P. Cranch (now the poet-painter of Cambridge), preached before the society during a part of 1837, until, in August of that year, Rev. B. Huntoon was settled as pastor. But it was only to resign his post again in the year 1838, when the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, of New York, filled the pulpit for six weeks and was succeeded by others. In March, 1839, a call was extended to Rev. Wm. H. Channing, who had preached with great acceptance during the previous winter, and on May 10th his ordination took place; the sermon

being preached by Rev. F. A. Farley, of Providence, R. I., the Charge and Address given by Rev. W. G. Eliot, of St. Louis, and the Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. J. Freeman Clarke, of Louisville. The hymns were written by James H. Perkins, and are reprinted in the appendix. Of Mr. Channing's beneficient ministry he has sent a too modest account, which is given in its proper place. His resignation in February, 1844, from conscientious motives, though honorable to himself, was a severe blow to the society. For some time after the pulpit was occupied by James H. Perkins, a member of the society, and a man of brilliant gifts and lofty character. The Rev. C. J. Fenner, a talented and poetic mind, returning from a southern trip, was invited to the pastorate, and, although in very precarious health, acccepted the call, serving the society faithfully from June to November, 1846, when he relapsed, and a few months later died. In 1847 we find Mr. Perkins again occupying the pulpit of the society, this time as its regular pastor, a position he held with the unbroken respect and love of his people until his too early death in December, 1849. During his ministry the society became noted for its benevolent activities, and rendered good service in the many noble causes of which he was the inspirer, and for which his previous experience as a minister among the poor had so admirably qualified him. Thus, on the first of January, 1848, a meeting of citizens was held, at his call, in the City Council Chamber, and the Cincinnati Relief Union inaugurated, of which noble charity he was the first president and efficient manager. He may also be considered the father of the House of Refuge for children (in which enterprise he was greatly aided by the labors of a good woman, Mrs. R. B. Field, a member of the Unitarian Church), as well as of other good institutions. His last sermon was an appeal for the poor, and although eminent as a lawyer, editor, teacher, essayist, poet, lecturer and preacher, it is this sanctified labor for the unfortunate and destitute that best keeps his memory green among his parishioners and fellow-townsmen in Cincinnati to-day.

In 1850, Rev. A. A. Livermore accepted the pastorate

and began a useful and beneficent work among us. Thank God, he is yet spared to gladden us from time to time with his apostolic presence. Under Mr. Livermore the society was thoroughly organized for efficient service and made liberal donations of time, labor and money to good causes. The various city charities and missionary enterprises of the denomination were recipients of its bounty. In 1852 the Western Unitarian Conference was organized at Cincinnati. Mr. Livermore felt constrained, however, in 1856, to resign his charge on account of ill health, and the society chose as his successor in November of the same year, the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Conway's ministry began most auspiciously. His vigorous, fearless style of preaching, the literary finish and freshness of his discourses attracted a large following. In 1859, however, the increasing radicalism of his utterances from the pulpit sorely troubled some of his parishioners of more conservative opinion, and a difference arose, which, although causing a deal of unpleasant feeling at the time and for long years after, there is no occasion to dwell upon here, since it has been quite, if not entirely, outlived on both sides, and a cordial unity of feeling restored.

The immediate result of this difference of opinion in the church was the withdrawal of a minority of its members, who soon after organized a second Unitarian society under the name of the Church of the Redeemer.

The new congregation purchased from the Second Universalist Society the edifice on the south-west corner of Mound and Sixth streets (since demolished). Disappointed in their efforts to secure as pastor the Rev. Thos. Starr King, which at first seemed likely to be successful, their pulpit was filled for some time by various Unitarian notables, among whom were Revs. Dr. H. W. Bellows, Dr. A. P. Peabody, Dr. Oliver Stearns, Dr. Wm. G. Eliot, Dr. Thomas Hill, J. H. Heywood and Horace Mann, Esq. In January, 1863, the Rev. A. D. Mayo was settled over the society and remained in Cincinnati for ten years, a hard-working pastor, a gifted preacher, and rendering great services to the community as a member of the Public School Board. In 1872 he accepted a call to Spring-

field, Mass., and was succeeded on January 5th, 1873, by Rev. Charles Noyes, whose ministry was marked by great fidelity to his trust, while his catholicity of spirit and geniality of nature did much to bring about a better understanding between the two branches of Unitarianism in Cincinnati, and prepared the way for the coming re-union.

Returning from this necessary digression to the history of the parent church, we find Mr. Conway continuing his services as pastor until his resignation in November, 1862, to accept a charge elsewhere. A call was extended to Rev. C. G. Ames, who occupied the pulpit during the greater portion of the year 1863. In February, 1864, the church building was sold, and the site is now covered by a huge block of stores. An excellent representation of this simple, but historic, structure, in which R. W. Emerson, Theodore Parker, Orville Dewey and so many other eminent men first uttered their radical thought in our city, is given as a frontispiece to this volume. It has been prepared from a pencil sketch made in 1832 by Mrs. Ephraim Peabody, and kindly loaned by her for this purpose. The society now migrated to Library Hall on Vine street. As Mr. Ames was not able to remain permanently with them, a number of preachers distinguished for their progressive and radical views, as well as for their pulpit ability, ministered for longer or shorter periods to the church. Among them were Revs. Sidney H. Morse, David A. Wasson, Edward C. Towne and H. W. Brown. On the 19th of September, 1865, the trustees were authorized to purchase the lot and dwelling on the north-east corner of Plum and Eighth streets, the site of the present church. January 26th, 1866, a call was extended to Rev. Thomas Vickers, then studying at Heidelberg, Germany. Pending his acceptance, the pulpit was occupied by A. Bronson Alcott, Revs. Samuel Johnson, John Weiss, D. A. Wasson, Robert Collyer and others. On the 6th of January, 1867, Rev. Mr. Vickers preached his first sermon and began his pastoral relation. Services were held for some years thereafter in Hopkins Hall, on the south-west corner of Elm and West Fourth streets, but it was now determined to erect a suitable house of worship,

and on the 6th of November, 1870, the present building, on the corner of Plum and Eighth streets, was dedicated, Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, preaching the sermon, and the dedicatory prayer being from the lips of Rabbi Dr. Max Lilienthal. Mr. Vickers remained with the society until he accepted the post of Public Librarian of the city, and on Easter Sunday, April 5th, 1874, preached his farewell sermon. A man of scholarship and radical opinion, he also took a prominent part in civil affairs, leading the opposition to the retention of the Bible in the Public Schools, and conducting a controversy with the Catholic Archbishop of this diocese with signal ability and success. For some months during the year 1874 the pulpit was filled by Revs. A. W. Stevens and J. S. Thomson, after which services were, in a measure, suspended.

In the meantime, the pulpit of the Church of the Redeemer had also become vacant, Rev. Charles Noyes having resigned. With considerable differences of theological opinion, there yet existed a very kindly feeling and pleasant social relations between the members of the two societies. Both flocks were pastorless, both burdened with a heavy indebtedness. Under these circumstances their consolidation into one society seemed in every way advisable, and was a subject of discussion. In November, 1875, Rev. C. W. Wendte, of Chicago, having received a call from the Church of the Redeemer, and an informal invitation also from the First Congregational Society, the opportunity for the union seemed to have arrived. At his suggestion, which was cordially seconded by Mess. John Kebler, Robert Hosea, M. F. Force, Seth Evans and J. W. Harper, trustees of the Church of the Redeemer, and Alphonso Taft, Thomas Vickers, Wm. Wiswell, John D. Caldwell and John F. Dair, trustees of the parent society, several consultations were held to consider the consolidation of the two churches, and on the 29th of December, 1875, a plan of union was unanimously adopted by the two corporations under the original name, "The First Congregational Church of Cincinnati." Trustees were chosen equally from each of the societies, and

Rev. C. W. Wendte was called as pastor, preaching his first sermon before the re-united flock in the Church of the Redeemer on the 9th of January, 1876, following. By a happy coincidence, Rev. M. D. Conway, being in Cincinnati on a visit, had occupied the pulpit for one Sunday by invitation of the Church of the Redeemer, and expressed his felicitations at the re-union. The formal installation of Mr. Wendte took place on the 19th of January, 1876. Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, preached the sermon, Rev. J. H. Heywood, of Louisville, Ky., offered the prayer, Rev. Chas. Ames, of Boston, gave the Right Hand of Fellowship, and Rev. Thomas Vickers the Address to the People. For two years or more the society continued to worship in the Mound street temple, but this edifice having been disposed of, the church on the corner of Plum and Eighth streets was refitted and refurnished, and on Easter Sunday, April 13th, 1879, was re-dedicated with appropriate services in the presence of a crowded congregation.

The re-united society has already reaped the goodly fruits of its forbearance and catholicity. During the past year, 1879, two-thirds of its indebtedness has been paid off, and extensive repairs made in its church edifice, a new organ purchased, and liberal contributions made toward good causes. Notwithstanding considerable difference of opinion on points of theology, there is a remarkable unity of religious spirit in the membership. It is not claiming too much to say that the latter day of the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati is worthy of that brave beginning and notable history of which we have given this fragmentary account, and of which the communications and letters that follow in this volume are the commentary and elucidation. May we be worthy of our trust, and another half century find this church still a power unto salvation to its members and the larger community.

# ✣FIRST✣
# Congregational Unitarian Church,
## CINCINNATI.

CHAS. W. WENDTE, MINISTER.

1879-80.

*Regular Sunday Morning Services* at 11 o'clock. | *Special Sunday Evening Services* at 7½ o'clock.

*Sunday School* at 9¾ o'clock A. M.

TRUSTEES.

FAYETTE SMITH, MICHAEL TEMPEST, M. E. INGALLS,
THEODORE STANWOOD, JOHN D. CALDWELL, ZEPH. BROWN.

## ✣THE✣UNITY✣CLUB✣

A society for self-culture, social entertainment and helpfulness, holds its meetings at the church parlors, North-east corner Plum and Eighth streets, on alternate Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES FOR 1879-80.

EDWARD GOEPPER, President,
W. H. TAFT, 1st Vice-President,
J. B. STANWOOD, 2d Vice-President,
STEPHEN WILDER, Secretary,
W. H. WILLIAMSON, Treasurer,
Miss ANNIE SAMPSON,
} Executive Committee.

## ✣THE✣LADIES'✣AID✣ASSOCIATION✣

Mrs. HENRY C. WHITMAN, . . . . . President.
Mrs. MARY RUSSELL, . . . . . Vice-President.
Miss LIZZIE ALLEN, . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer.

Meets every Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in the vestry of the church. All ladies attending services at this church are invited to join this society.

## ✣THE✣MISSIONARY✣SOCIETY✣

MANNING F. FORCE, . . . . . President.
ALPHONSO TAFT and GEORGE THORNTON, . . Vice-Presidents.
Miss SALLIE ELLIS, . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer.

# COMMUNICATIONS

FROM FORMER

PASTORS AND EARLY MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

## FROM REV. WM. H. CHANNING.

Accept my hearty thanks for your welcome to the Semi-Centennial Festival of the "First Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Cincinnati." It would be a high gratification to be one of your guests on so encouraging an occasion. For, although it has never been my happiness to re-visit the "Queen City" since the resignation of my ministry in 1841, yet all associations with Cincinnati are brightly beautiful, and their freshness will never fade. But, as it will be out of my power to be present in person, let me avail myself of your invitation—as one of the Early Ministers of your Society—to speak a few words of Good Cheer through the medium of this note.

And in beginning my pastoral leisure, the memory can not but move me, that nearly forty years have swept by since the publication of a "Farewell Letter" to your congregation explaining the motive for withdrawing my ministry, and expressing deep regret that a sense of honour had compelled me to loose so dear a tie. That printed "Letter" now lies open before me, and it would please me to learn that copies of it are still kept among your elder members and in the archives of your Society. For that "Confession of Faith" was written in heart's blood—to use the common symbol of emotion—and the purest life of my spirit was infused through its pages; so truly, indeed, did it express convictions, which have been growing ever more vivid, that it is my hope, ere closing, to re-affirm them in a slightly altered form.

But how few of the Elders to whom that "Farewell" was addressed, survive among you. Other generations have entered into their labors, to garner rich harvests from fields which their toils reclaimed, and to pluck ripe clusters from vineyards which their hands planted. Your people and you are co-heirs in a

domain bequeathed by a noble band of pioneers. And to some representatives among these prime missionaries of Liberal Christianity, it would gladden me, if time allowed, to pay a transient tribute.

First, however, let me bear a brief testimony of personal regard to the two friends whose advice brought me to Cincinnati—one a predecessor, the other my immediate successor in the ministry of your congregation—Ephraim Peabody and James H. Perkins. Both were highly endowed, most earnest and widely useful men, and their images yet remain undimmed in the records of your Society. Ephraim Peabody was, at that time, a poet in character and conduct, even more than in his fervid eloquence and literary compositions. He had thrown his ardent sympathies into the heroic life of the vigorous West, and his imagination was all aglow with visions of the giant young commonwealths, which, with hands interlinked, and shoulder to shoulder, were bearing triumphantly onward Christian civilization beyond the broad prairies and across the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific. Most justly did it appear to him that the generous form of religion called "Liberal Christian" was the very inspiration fitted to purify, enlarge and elevate this conquering host of Pilgrims of Hope. And most lucidly did he expound the Affirmative Doctrine and Practical Principles of this large type of Christian Faith and Life, till he not only won the loving reverence of his own people, but also of the Orthodox Communions, who honoured his cheerful humanity and lofty trust, while rejecting what they deemed his heresies. He confided to me, afterwards, that, according to his own estimate, his tone of thought at this era was too ideal, and his style of address too strictly intellectual. But this self-criticism sprang from his own modesty. For, though each year of spiritual struggle, doubtless, served to refine his religious character, yet from the first shone forth the devout enthusiasm, luminous wisdom and hallowed serenity which overspread with softened lustre his sunset years.

Of my cousin, James Perkins, who from childhood was like a twin brother, as we were of the same age and bred in close intimacy, it would be delightful to write at length, but

your elders, and, let me hope, some of your younger members, have probably read the Memoir which it was my privilege to prepare after his lamented departure; and to that let me refer as the truest portrait in my power to paint of his genius and virtues. Like Ephraim Peabody, James Perkins' soul was kindled with anticipations of the magnificent future opening before the people of the West, and being, like Peabody, also a fervent Liberal Christian, he was pre-eminently qualified to spread a quickening influence through the city and State of his adoption. Already distinguished as a sagacious and well-read lawyer, an effective speaker and a brilliant historical and critical essayist, many friends were expecting a high career for him as a statesman. But, though ambitious to bear a patriot's part in enlightening the minds and moulding the wills of the young around him, his fine-toned conscience and scrupulous sense of personal dignity repelled him from the sphere of partisan politics. And at the time of my arrival in Cincinnati he had made arrangements to settle himself on the soil as a nursery gardener in the neighborhood of the city. It is one of my happiest Western remembrances, that very much through my urgent encouragement, my cousin was diverted from pursuits, which, however honourable, would have too much have absorbed his rare intellectual and moral powers, and was impelled to consecrate them to the ministry among the poor, for which he became so tenderly loved and trusted. It was his admirable usefulness in these disinterested services that led your congregation so unanimously to elect him as my successor. And then it was that he first became conscious of his wonderful gift as a pulpit orator. As a lecturer before literary societies and in platform addresses, indeed, he had often held large audiences spell-bound by the charm of his clear, terse, energetic and commanding speech. But it was only when under the sway of religious emotion, he sought to reveal to tried and tempted, struggling, yet aspiring, fellow beings, the Spiritual Laws of which he had caught a glimpse, that he disclosed that penetrating reason, soaring imagination, wide-embracing mercy and awe-struck reverence which lay hid, even from the eye of friends, beneath his

stoical reserve. They, whoever listened to one of these effusions, will bear witness with me that there were seasons when the poet in James Perkins wore the prophet's robe.

From these slight notices of two esteemed associates, my impulse is to make mention, next, of the crowd of affectionately remembered friends, whose images throng round me as the happy years of ministerial intercourse are recalled. But discriminating sketches of the chief of these even would carry me too far, while to omit any would be ungrateful. No doubt, Brother Wendte, you and our fellow-ministers assembled at your festival, would echo my words in regard to your own Societies, when I say that my old congregation in the "Unitarian Church of Cincinnati," appear, on looking back, like a company of the "Elect," so unaffectedly devout were they, so free-thoughted to receive the newest truth, so closely knit together in kindly fellowship, and so ready for good works.

Turning then, though reluctlantly, from the persons and families who re-appear in that Palingenesia of memory, which is the pledge of immortal Re-union, let me note a few of the specially bright remembrances of our Congregational Life. And first rises the recollection of our well ordered Sunday School. How radiantly from the past shine forth the expectant faces of the Bible Class which each Sunday morning conversed with me and one another on the lesson for the day; and of the eagerly attentive congregation of little ones who listened so responsively to my familiar talks. Those refreshing half hours of communion with the young come back to me like a breath of Spring over an orchard in bloom. Your seed plot of blossoming Trees of Life thrives richly, let us trust.

Next seem to re-gather our weekly Conferences for studying the solution of Theological problems, discussing the principles of Christian Ethics, and planning methods for applying these to the needs of the community. Your Committees, it gratifies me to observe, are admirably organized and doubtless they are efficient workers. But, believe me, the essays, debates and consultations of your predecessors, in our time,

would not have been unworthy of the notice of this generation, accomplished as it is, for the depth of philosophic thought, fervent religious feeling, frank sincerity of criticism, open-mindedness to the last result of scientific inquiry, earnestness in reform, and undaunted hopefulness which characterized them. In a word, our Conference was a company of fellow-seekers after truth and righteousness, wherein every honest conviction was hospitably welcomed, and whence intolerance alone was expelled as intolerable.

My next cheerful memory is that the brotherly kindness kept alive by our conference and social meetings prompted a successful effort to clear off an accumulated load of debt which had long burdened the energies of the Congregation. The sacrifices, gladly borne, and the genuine sympathies thus awakened, not only revived the religious life of the society within, but attracted members from other communions and newly-come strangers to join us, until, with well filled pews, we felt that exhilarating consciousness of vigorous growth which is the sure sign of spiritual health in a society.

Indeed, we were bound together in perfect harmony, except in regard to the two practical reforms of Temperance and Anti-Slavery. As to the first of these, a passing reference alone is needed. For, although not a few in those days regarded my principle of Total Abstinence as ascetic to the verge of fanaticism, yet no attempt was made to check my most earnest advocacy of the Temperance Cause. But in regard to Anti-Slavery, any one who will recall the temper of Public Opinion as to the constitutional relations between the Free States and the Slave States all along the Ohio Valley at that critical period, will readily comprehend how difficult was the position of a minister in Cincinnati who uncompromisingly avowed himself an Abolitionist. It gave proof of the remarkable liberality of the "First Congregational Church," and of the genuine friendship between them and their preacher, that no remonstrance was made against the emphatic declaration from the pulpit, that the law of Christian Brotherhood commanded "Immediate Emancipation." But when their pastor proceeded to read announcements of Anti-Slavery Meetings—

when, claiming his right as a pew-holder, he voted in a small minority that the use of the church should be granted for Anti-Slavery lectures — when, in company with Rev. Wm. H. Brisbane, from South Carolina, and Rev. Mr. Blanchard, of the Orthodox Congregationalists, he addressed crowded assemblies, and finally, when, with the far-famed Editor of the "Philanthropist," Dr. Bailey, he took a stand on the platform beside Salmon P. Chase, when that great-hearted Statesman devoted his whole political influence to the cause of Liberty for all men—the indignation of not a few waxed warm. And the crisis came when, amidst the impassioned excitements of the Presidential Election, when nearly all of my best friends voted for General Harrison, my ballot was cast for James G. Birney. Then, for a few days, it did look probable that, for the sake of peace, it might be wise to resign my post. But before the week was out it was candidly recognized that my course as a Citizen had been guided by the conscience of a Christian Freeman, and my hold on the confidence of the society grew firmer than ever. My chief reason, indeed, for re-awakening these long buried trials is, first, to encourage your young people to follow the Flag of Duty at all risks, and next, to place distinctly on record this Fact in the history of the "First Congregational Unitarian Church of Cincinnati," that a score of years before the era of our Nation's redemption from the crime and curse of Slavery, its pulpit stood before Ohio as the representative of impartial Equity, Mercy and Brotherly Kindness, and as the advocate of Universal Freedom within the United States.

And now it may well be asked, "How could you bear to break a fraternal bond which such trials had only served to seal?" My answer will be found in the "Farewell Letter" already referred to. From its pages it may be learned, how, under the lead of Transcendental Philosophy then prevalent in New England, and the ultra-rationalistic criticism imported from Germany nearly forty years ago, I had become what is now called a "Theist," and how, having assumed a ground widely different from that held by the Unitarian denomination which had ordained me, and from that avowed by myself,

when the "First Congregational Unitarian Church" had entrusted their pulpit to my charge, I felt it to be right to resign my ministry, and with "a sad heart, though a clear conscience," to bid my Cincinnati friends "Farewell." But, from the "Confession of Faith" contained in that "Letter," it will also appear how prolonged studies, conference with wise scholars, calm thought and devout aspiration had brought me up into a purer, spiritual atmosphere, and into a bright Faith in Jesus as the Son of Man, TRANSFIGURED into the Son of God, which was like the dawn of a new day. Half a lifetime has rolled by since that turning point in my ascending path. And now, at the age of three score and ten, thanks to "The Father of Lights," I re-affirm the main doctrine of that "Credo" with all my heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. So nearly, indeed, does that Declaration embody my present convictions in regard to the Character and Life of the Beloved Son, his Central Relation to the Heavenly Father and to Humanity, and his Providential Function in evolving the destiny of our Race, that I should rejoice to reprint it, with a few modifications, and place it in the hands of every member of your society. The chief difference between the views declared in that "Letter, and to which exhaustive study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy and History have enabled me to attain, is that now from serener heights, with vision commanding a wider horizon, and as in noon-day splendour, I behold REALITIES which in my early progress were discerned from afar, half-veiled in morning clouds beneath the flush of sunrise.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE MEMORIAL VOLUME.—Mr. Channing concludes his admirable letter with a philosophic and brilliant exposition of Spiritual Christianity as the one, universal, world-redeeming religion of humanity. It is impossible, from want of space, to include in this pamphlet the balance of his communication, which, however, appeared in the CHRISTIAN REGISTER for February 21st, 1880. We have room only for its closing sentences.]

* * * And now, Brethern and Sisters, Co-citizens of our Freed and United Republic, could you but behold the unequaled privileges and possibilities of our people as they appear to an exile, who follows with longing eyes the descending sun as he sinks to shed noon-tide on the lands of the west,

you would rejoice and take courage. Receive, then, my Benediction across the seas. Be worthy of your heritage of hope. There is coming, swiftly coming, to repeat my refrain, a New Era of Christendom, the celestial signs of which will be the Revival of Real Christian Life. Henceforth, the United Christian Church Universal can be content with nothing less than Living Communion with the Father, through the Son, in the Spirit of Holy, Heavenly Human Love. Consecrate your whole being to receive this influx of the Real God with us. Give your best energies heartily up to the currents of Charity pulsating through our communities. But clearly comprehend that this blessed Beneficence, beautiful as it is, serves but as a John the Baptist to proclaim the advent of the Real Christ. Does there not flow through you, like a cleansing fire, the consciousness that the Son of Man, in His Perfect Manhood, made glorious as Son of God by the Father's Indwelling Presence was the Adam of a *New-born* Race? That one Transfigured Man was the ideal prophecy and pledge of a Transfigured Humanity! Brethern, Sisters! Co-sovereign children of God! Our Nation of United Freemen may be, if only wise enough to will it, the elect People to realize that Divine Ideal, and so fulfill the "desire of all Nations" by organizing in every township of our Christian Commonwealth *perfect Societies* as Heavens on Earth.

With Christmas and New Year's Greeting,

Yours, in Good Hope,

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

HARROGATE, ENGLAND, *December* 10th, 1879.

## FROM REV. CYRUS A. BARTOL, D.D.

I am so over-pressed with cares, I can but send to your church God-speed for the future, with congratulations for the past.

I had a happy six months' work in the dear old temple on the corner, hard by where Lyman Beecher preached, and where he was tried for heresy by the Presbytery.

My heart has lost none of its warmth for the friends of nearly forty-four years ago, but runs deep and steady as the Ohio River, and never to be frozen as *that* was, so that I crossed into Covington, Kentucky, on the ice. But I bear in mind, too, the flowers I picked with beloved companions—one of whom at least, ever precious to my heart, still lives—on the the 1st day of January, 1836.

There is something in a memory—there is a *hope* in it. A great and good one may there be in your commemoration, prays, Your cordial friend,

C. A. Bartol.

Boston, *January* 1st, 1880.

## FROM REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D.

Your Committee on Invitations have kindly remembered me in your arrangements for your Church Semi-Centennial, and it would be to me a most interesting festival could I be present. Great would be the satisfaction of meeting the few members of the congregation whom I remember and who remember me. Equally great would be the surprise at noting the new faces in the assembly, and the marvellous growth of your noble city, and all its good institutions, and beautiful arts.

I have a very humble claim to a place on your list of preachers, for I occupied your pulpit from May 1st, 1836, till the end of November, and again from February 5th, 1837, to the middle of March. I did what I could in the pulpit, the

Sunday School, and in parish work, but I was conscious of being too green in experience and too crude in culture to meet the demands of so important a post. There was great kindness on the part of many of the people, whilst I was aware that the need of a popular preacher who could build them up at once by mingled wisdom and eloquence, was not met by the raw youth who went West from the Cambridge Divinity School.

I am sorry to find so few names that are familiar to me on your list of representative parishioners. E. P. Cranch, Rowland Ellis, Ryland, Hartwell and Fayette Smith are all that I am sure of recalling, but there may be others. * * Mrs. Charles Stetson, to whom, with her husband, I owed so much for their great kindness, I saw a few days ago in the repose of death in All Souls' Church—the same delicacy and peace in her features as in her hospitable home forty-four years ago. So the years pass.

God's blessing be with your church and with you all.

Your friend,

Sam'l Osgood.

New York, *January* 19th, 1880.

## FROM REV. A. A. LIVERMORE.

I thank the committee of the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati for its kind invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial Re-union of the church on the 21st inst. My duties here, however, will necessarily prevent me from enjoying that very great pleasure. But I am glad to send my word of greeting, and to respond, with all my heart, to your invitation.

It will be thirty years—one whole generation, as time is reckoned—on the 15th of next May, when my dear wife and I, having descended the Ohio from Pittsburg, in the Keystone State, Capt. Stone, landed in Cincinnati and were welcomed by brother Kebler and wife to their ever hospitable home.

We were both wholly strangers to the West, as it was then called. I had been settled in a quiet New England town, Keene, New Hampshire, for thirteen years and a half. But chronic bronchitis required a change of climate, and a spontaneous call from your society brought us to the Queen City. It was a great change for us, greater than we knew then. Eloquent and devoted pastors had preceded me, among whom were the apostolic Peabody, the enthusiastic Channing, and the philanthropic Perkins. The fermentation of many new opinions was going on here, both in politics and religion Different national elements entered into the composition of society. It was the eventful era of the Anti-Slavery discussion, of the rise of Spiritualism, of radical and free religious opinions, and of the first mutterings of the thunder cloud which soon broke forth in civil war.

The old church, at the corner of Race and Fourth, now occupied by a splendid dry goods store, was a dear place to our hearts. Home is home, however homely, and that was our religious home. It was ancient and dingy, but it was clothed over, within and without, with hallowed associations. There noble men had lifted up their voices—Emerson, Walker, Bellows, Dewey, Parker, Gannett, Hosmer, Mann, and others of the great liberal household. The only sketch of the building, I believe, in existence, is one made by Mrs. Ephraim Peabody, and now in her possession. I wish I had it to send you.

The first summer was a cholera season, less fatal than 1849, but sweeping off thousands. I attended five funerals of those who died of this disease—Mr. Pollard, Mr. Bates and child, Mrs. Dr. Price, and Mrs. Lemaire. But we and our people staid in the city all through the hot weather, and had three services every Sunday—Sunday school at nine o'clock and preaching in the forenoon and evening. Unitarians were stalwart in those days, and minded not wind or weather. And I am glad to see that of the Committee of Invitation, on your card sent me, twelve are active still, who belonged to the society in my day. Happy men, who, after dwelling in tent and tabernacle, and the wanderings in the wilderness, have

lived to enter the promised land, and even to behold this fair temple on Mount Zion.

We did what we could in those days of transition and crisis. We kept the fire lighted on the altar. We drew as near Christ and His Father—and our Father—as we could, feeling that for a working principle and every day religion, lofty principles and ideals, plus these mighty personalities, were better for us than the grandest truths, if they were merely abstract and unsymbolized. In 1852 we organized here the Western Conference, which has flourished since and become a power in the land. We reached out a helping hand to Antioch College and over to Meadville Theological School, when those institutions were getting under way. We did something in the book business and circulated several hundred volumes of Channing's works and memoirs, and other liberal books in this community and through the West. More or less of us worked for the anti-slavery cause, and united in those charming re-unions at the annual spring time in the hospitable Ernst mansion at Spring Garden, where we met such historic characters as Garrison, Mrs. Stowe, May, Phillips, Adin Ballou, and others. The Ladies' Art Association, the Relief Union for charity, and the Kossuth frenzy came in for a share of attention and work. Hearts that are dust now, spirits that burn pure in heaven now, kindled then with sacred fire for the cause of God and man. If the fuel of the fire was not always free from earthliness and grossness, the fire itself flamed pure to heaven, transforming all to its own celestial essence.

So we worked, and so dreamed, as the years rolled by. It was a sweet and happy society, that old Cincinnati brotherhood and sisterhood. There was the old Book Club Sociable. There was the great hospitable Stetson mansion, and other hospitable mansions. There were lectures from Parker and Emerson and Mann. There was Madame D'Arusmont, whose funeral I afterward attended, insisting on woman's rights and wrongs. There were many eccentrics in Western society at that time, and the race is not yet wholly extinct, but they added interest and piquancy to what otherwise might have proved tame and prosaic.

But at last the work grew heavy. Illness of a sad type invaded the household. There must be another change, and on July 6, 1856, I performed the last service as the pastor of your church, after a ministry here of six years and two months, and removed to Yellow Springs, O., and the same fall to New York to take charge of the Christian Inquirer, and the parish at Yonkers for seven years, and thence removed to Meadville, in 1863, where my duties are still in the Theological School.

It was a rupture of many tender and endeared ties to break away from Cincinnati; but short ministries have been the customary rule there. I received always from your church and society the most kindly consideration and generous treatment, and not a word or act, so far as I know, ever broke the charm of a perfect friendship. And whenever, from time to time, I have visited Cincinnati, I have always met friends and only friends, and have been made glad with the old love and the ancient friendly greeting. I wish I could say this face to face, but as that cannot be done, the next best thing is to write it.

And now that a great blow has fallen upon me that stuns me to the earth, I find a sweet, sad pleasure in recalling those past days, when we, who are now parted, labored together here and had such blessed communion in duties, anxieties and trials as must fall to the lot of all who are engaged in the ministry of Christ.

And now, to bring these desultory reminiscences to a close, may your re-union be a happy and encouraging one; gainsay it who will, the work which this church has done in your city and in the larger community of the State and the Ohio Valley has not been in vain. It has sowed many a good seed and reaped many a golden harvest. Noble men and sainted women have been in your household of faith. The record is on high and it is one we need not be ashamed of. In how many things we might have done better is not the thought for this evening of commemoration, but it is fervent gratitude to God that His grace has enabled us to do as we have and as much as we have. So we will thank God and take courage.

May your history for the next fifty years round out the century with still better service to God and man and still nobler achievements than any you have yet seen or realized. Your position is a glorious one—to act on the heart and center of a great and growing nation. Let the heart and soul of every young man and every young woman of this church, or at this re-union, catch the fire of a holy resolution to unite to do something worthy and substantial to help on the Christian culture and civilization of the great coming nation that is here to exceed all the other nations of the earth. But to give solidity and incisiveness to this resolution they need to remember that *only on these eternal paths of righteousness* can our beloved America hold her way in safety, and not go down, as so many kingdoms and empires before her have done, in irretrievable ruin. * * * All earthly interests, all worldly ambitions are but as the small dust of the balance compared with the eternal truths and the heavenly aims of which your church stands as the representative, and which will still rise and shine bright as ever when a thousand ages are past.

Peace and love be with you all!

Ever, most affectionately,

Your old pastor and constant friend and brother,

A. A. Livermore.

Meadville, *January* 17, 1880.

## FROM REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Hearty thanks for your good kind letter and your remembrance of me in connection with the Semi-Centennial of the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati. But it astonishes me! I never had a notion that the church was such a young thing. I thought it belonged to the pre-historic bronze age of Cincinnati, or at least sprang up along with the first catawba vine planted by Nicholas Longworth. I knew it was very much evolved when I went to it, and, some may add,

considerably involved when I left it. At any rate, I am sure its present prosperity is an example of the survival of the fittest. When I come to think of it, there is a good long stretch of years since the first Sunday I entered the pulpit at the corner of Fourth and Race streets. I have on my wall now a photograph of that pulpit with an evergreen arch in front of it and large lilies each side. Dear Mr. Hoffner sent them. If my memory does not deceive me, it was on the occasion of the minister's marriage, a ceremony in which I participated. How well I remember the old days!

Now and then, when I meet the eminent London composer and conductor, Danreuther, I wonder if he recalls my end of the old church as vividly as I do his thin, small form at the other end, struggling with the organ keys, which he mastered, and the pedals which almost mastered him. There were some happy years at the old corner. No misunderstandings, or differences which followed them, and no changes since have ever made me forget any of the brave, earnest, and able men and women who used to gather with me there, most of whom I am glad to hear of standing by you now. Goethe says:

> "All things would be done so nice,
> Could we only do them twice,"

and I sometimes think that if I had my life and ministry at Cincinnati to live over again, with as many gray hairs as I have now, I should be able to make it a pleasanter page in the history of the First Congregational Church. * * * *

I have seen by the papers that your minister has been suggesting to the chimneys how they may burn their own smoke, and trust that the Orthodox steeples will learn the same lesson. The smoke of their torment ought not to ascend up for ever and ever. I hope that beautiful Cincinnati will become clean of both coal and dogmatic soot, and as fair as the Queen of the West should be. My heart will be with you at the banquet of your year of jubilee, and I shall think of it as a golden wedding, the fiftieth anniversary of a union of faithful hearts, based on a profounder union of reason and religion in earnest minds. May you still be present when the diamond

wedding arrives to lay on the society's brow the crown of a higher success, shining with brilliants yet to be won from the mines of truth and freedom! And, if I may be allowed to change the similitude, may our children and our children's children remember this Semi-Centennial festival as but a vigorous leaf on a flourishing stem when they gather around the century blossom whose glory will surely crown our cause.

Across sea and land I pledge the old First Congregational with the bumper of a full heart.

Ever yours faithfully,

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

LONDON, *Christmas-time*, 1879.

## FROM REV. C. G. AMES.

* * * I was prevented by a sudden call out of the city and to the sick chamber of one very dear to me from answering your kind note of invitation. The impulse was strong to send you a telegram merely to say, "The communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all," but I had a little fear that by the time it got to your meeting it would sound canting. But it is just what I want to say to the dear folks and to you, my friend and fellow servant.

CHARLES G. AMES.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., *January* 24, 1880.

## FROM REV. A. D. MAYO.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

When I read your kind invitation to be present at the anniversary of the First Congregational Church, I was sorry that in spite of telegraphs and telephones a thousand miles

are not yet as one mile, that I might be with you. It is true I was never settled over your church, but was pastor of our dear buried Church of the Redeemer. But in the Christian faith, in which I rejoice, there is no death or burial, but what seems to be the going out of one good thing is only the birth of another. Whatever of the true church of love to God and man was formed in those eventful years in the breasts of the men and women and children who used to assemble in that plain tabernacle at the corner of Sixth and Mound streets, still abides, and has passed over into the new congregation, which gathers about the new minister and approves itself by its work.

* * * * * * * *

My best wishes are with you, however. I have not forgotten one of my old parishioners and I wish I could become acquainted with all your parish I have not seen.

I have never wavered from my conviction, always expressed while in Cincinnati, that your city is one of the few strategic points for Christian work in America. In no American city are the elements of our nationality so evenly mated and so in want of a final moulding into a true American type. Nowhere does the community suffer so much from the violence, on the one hand, of an intolerant conservatism, and on the other, from an implacable antipathy to all forms of organized Christianity. So far the Protestant church in Cincinnati seems to have failed to reconcile these warring elements and lead this new metropolis as it should be led in the highway of public purity and private and social morality. The present condition of your city is the reproach of the Protestant church that for a hundred years has stood at the sources of its spiritual and moral life. Whether from a theology too scholastic and impractical, or a want of spiritual tact to seize upon decisive moments in the life of the city, or from want of courage to face the insolent Romanism and blatant Atheism that have filled your streets with a strange clamor of discordant voices, or from all these combined, the Protestant church of Cincinnati has not yet come up to the full measure of her responsibility.

I believe nothing but a truly Liberal Christianity can save

our American cities, East and West, from a more dangerous than Roman or Asiatic corruption. Much as I rejoice over your growth in wealth, in social refinement, in music and art, and highly as I esteem your admirable system of free education, I have no faith that any or all of these can make of Cincinnati the city any truly wise and virtuous citizen desires her to become. Religion always was and always will be the root of every great and beneficent community, as of every great and beneficent life. And the religion that seems to me given by God especially for the healing of a distracted nation is that absolute, universal faith in a God of infinite love; a humanity cradled, trained and disciplined in God's love. This religion I find set forth best in the words and person of Jesus of Nazareth. * * * * * * *

I hope there are plenty of men and women in your congregation who believe this and that you are working in that faith. That your counsels may prevail, and your broad and beautiful hope for man may be realized in the life of the present church, is the fervent prayer of,

Your friend,

A. D. Mayo.

Springfield, Mass., *January* 18th, 1880.

## FROM REV. CHARLES NOYES.

We rejoice with you that the Semi-Centennial comes to find Unitarian Christians of Cincinnati of one mind and one heart, one spirit and one purpose, and that the favorable auspices for their future are the result of their mutual toils and sacrifices. You are to be congratulated that the debt which was so heavy an incubus has been so nearly paid, and that young and old, forgetting the things that are behind, are looking forward with so much confidence and courage to the things that are before. May pure religion and undefiled lead you from victory to victory! Let us hope you may solve the question, so difficult of

practical solution, how to bring the many elements of liberal strength that are now with you, but in a certain indefinite and hazy sympathy, to join their forces with yours in an aggressive warfare against sin, and keeping each to absolute individual liberty, work together, each with each, and all together with God. Could this result be reached, no building in your goodly city could hold the thousands who are to-day theoretically with you, but, for various reasons, have not put their hands with you to the plough of reform.

Shall it continue ever to be true that Unitarian laborers are few, or that they stand all the day idle? The divine voice should be heard all along the line. Skirmishing enough has been done; the nature of the ground and the position of the enemy is known. The battle should begin in faith in our principles strong to move mountains, and victories manifest in works ought to be the result.

Remember me to all the friends gathered together on the 21st for council and rejoicing. One body may they ever be, "joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth."

Truly your friend,

CHARLES NOYES.

CLINTON MASS., *January* 16th, 1880.

## FROM HON. WILLIAM GREENE.

The valued favor of your committee is duly received. I beg to thank you and all my old friends of the First Congregational Church that I am so kindly remembered. I would most gladly accept your invitation to join you in your proposed Semi-Centennial celebration did my advanced years admit of it. All that I can say is that my heart is as warmly interested in your church as ever, that I rejoice in the present prosperous condition of an organization of which I still consider myself a

member, and that you have my cordial best wishes for its continued success and usefulness. Appended you will find a short statement, as desired by you, of the first steps taken toward the formation of a Liberal church in Cincinnati.

Very truly yours,

W. Greene.

East Greenwich, R. I., *January* 15th, 1880.

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## FROM JOHN ROGERS, ESQ.

I thank you for your kind invitation to be present at the celebration of the half-century anniversary of the First Congregational Church in Cincinnati, on the 21st inst., which I would gladly accept, and be present, did circumstances favor. Be assured, I still feel much interest in the little church under whose "droppings" I was said to live, (my house being next door) and where I listened to Whitman, and Clarke, and Hall, and Peabody, so many years ago.

But half a century!—what changes does it make? How few, probably, are left of those I remember among the worshipers of 1830 to 1835. I should be a stranger there and feel the awkwardness of one, should I come to your meeting. In spirit, however, I will be there, and assuring you of my sympathy, and rejoicing in the prosperity of the old church,

I am very truly yours,

John Rogers.

Boston, *January* 17, 1880.

## FROM MRS. ANNE RYLAND.

I received your note of invitation, a few days ago, to the Semi-Centennial celebration of the church, and should have answered it sooner had I not hoped that my health would have permitted me to join your circle in that happy hour, but as that cannot be, allow me to send you my most sincere sympathy and congratulations on this occasion, with wishes that the church and all its members may continue to increase in prosperity and well-doing.

Being the oldest participant, in this city, in its first organization, and a regular attendant till ill health and weakness prevented, I have watched its growth with the greatest interest and love as each year has rolled round, and can hardly realize that fifty of them have passed. As I cannot be with you in bodily presence, rest assured that my heart is there, as warm towards you, as sincere as ever. That your meeting may be one of joy and happiness to all is the earnest prayer of,

Yours truly,

ANNE RYLAND.

CINCINNATI, *January* 21, 1880.

## FROM EDW. P. CRANCH, ESQ.

I am prevented by indisposition from attending the jubilee at the church this evening. I wanted to come, for I was a nursling of the church myself, and was married in it. Peabody, Channing, Perkins, Silsbee, Osgood, Bulfinch, Eliot and I were young men together, friends and companions, and I owe it to them and the charm of their society, that as a youth I was kept away from many things. But as for me, I do but count one out of thousands who have to thank God for the splendid influence of such men and many others like them. My grandfather, my father and myself have been, in our time, which covers about a century and a half, avowed

and active Unitarians; and, looking back simply to my own humble experience, I can form a pretty correct judgment of what must have been the experience of thousands of American youth who have been, during that long period, and are still, cast loose in the whirling current of life, and who have found in the companionship of some Unitarian pastor, perhaps as young and untried as themselves (some spiritual friend, perhaps, like James H. Perkins or Ephraim Peabody), that which removed their deepest doubts and kept alive in them a spark of honest religious conviction. I do not hesitate to say, from what I know, that the influence of the Unitarian clergy upon the minds of young men of education has been an important factor in the progress of civilization during the last hundred years.

When our little congregation first came together it was predicted by our orthodox friends that it would not hold together for ten years, but our fiftieth anniversary finds it flourishing, and healthy and influential, and it has become a necessity to our city. As an old member, I delight to add my heartfelt congratulations, and to express my belief that there is in its present organization the germ of still greater things.

Very sincerely yours,

EDW. P. CRANCH.

CINCINNATI, *January* 21, 1880.

# CONGRATULATORY LETTERS.

## FROM REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D.

I heartily wish I could be with you at your celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of your society. I did not know that when I first saw it in 1833, it was only an infant three years old. It seemed already hardened into the sinew of manhood. The society to which I went at Louisville was founded in the same year, but was not so strong. The Cincinnati church, at that time, had Ephraim Peabody for its minister, who was surrounded by a noble body of men and women—among whom how well I remember Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. William Greene, Timothy Walker, the Pomeroys, James H. Perkins, and a multitude of other bright men and women, of whom the greater part have fallen asleep. What brilliant meetings were held at the houses of Mr. Foote, Mr. Stetson and Mr. Greene, which stood side by side on a lofty terrace overlooking the city, the river, and the hills of Kentucky! There met the famous "Semi-Colon," where so many witty men and bright women made a focus of literature in the midst of the business life of the young city! There are some still left among you who can remember and describe those meetings. There, too, originated our famous monthly, "The Western Messenger," edited by Peabody, Perkins, Cranch, Gallagher and others—until our dear brother Peabody was obliged to go away from impaired health. The spirit of the Unitarian Society in those days was full of life. How glad I was, once or twice a year, to come to Cincinnati and have the satisfaction of meeting all these generous and noble souls. And, though years and distance have separated us, I have never forgotten your society nor lost my interest in its welfare. I have sorrowed with it in its trials and rejoiced in its prosperity. My good wishes and prayers will be with you on your anniversary, and my congratulations on the present prospects which open before you. May the next fifty years see fifty more societies around you, and you the

Mother-Church of the valley, the most active and useful of all. The church in Pittsburgh was, I think, older, but I fear that its work has, for the present, ceased; and the Meadville (Penn.) Church, founded in 1825, can hardly be considered as in the Ohio Valley.

When I went down the Ohio, for the first time, in 1833, the Unitarian churches west of the Alleghanies were only five—being those in Meadville, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cincinnati and Louisville. There was then no society in St. Louis nor in Chicago. Now the number of the churches given in the Year Book is 57, of which 47 have settled preachers. And yet, during all this time, we have been told that Unitarianism was "dying out!" Let us hope that it it may long continue to die out in the same way.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS., *January* 17, 1880.

## FROM REV. H. W. BELLOWS, D.D.

Your letter, announcing the coming celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Unitarian Society in Cincinnati, arouses a multitude of pleasant memories in my mind. In my early life the Cincinnati church was the very out-post of our cause, and a sort of a Mecca for Western bound folk who left the East and never felt *at home* until they had made the acquaintance of the delightful little circle that gathered about that "live coal" that had been taken from the Eastern altar to kindle the flame of our Unitarian culture and piety in what was then a wilderness. A venerable uncle of mine—who died, ninety-six years old, some ten years ago—told me that he saw Cincinnati when it was a village of 3,000 people, and when the first experiment to conquer the Ohio by steam power was being tried at the river's shore. Even in my recol-

lection it was a town of gardens, with outlooks from many places quite inland to the Kentucky shores and hills. Coal smoke had not then enveloped it. But, besides its charms as a beautiful rural town of irregular and varied surface, and all beflowered with shrubs, it had then a circle of choice spirits —hospitable, touched with a culture then rare, in music, and art, and literature—hungry for the sight of faces that came from the East, which was then "the *home*" of all Western *hearts*. You have, doubtless, fifty times the number of literary and public spirited persons of the same type now—but "familiarity breeds contempt." People do not go through a wilderness now to get to Cincinnati, nor come upon its little circle as upon a spring in a dry land, an oasis in the desert, as they did then. Nor was that little circle one that can be copied or repeated. It had the mingled charm of exile, of pioneer life, of rarity in tastes, of domestic familiarity, and of a religious bond. These things no longer enter into any life in America since railroads and telegraphs have put an omnipresence, or home-i-ness, everywhere, into all persons at all points. It meant something to find yourself in Cincinnati after a week's travel over the Alleghanies, an upset in the stage, and two days on a sandbar in the Ohio! And then, to get a welcome into that charmed circle, small but so kind, intelligent and hospitable, of which your church was the one center, was one of the most delightful of surprises, and the most memorable of experiences. I recollect thinking the dozen families I knew, all eminently cultivated, and humane and progressive, were only a sample of the population. Really, they were the cream, and I found it out by noticing that they rose to the top every time. At intervals of a year or two, I visited the place, and always the some *clot*. There are advantages in not having too many people to admire. You have the time to admire the few, and appreciatively and at leisure.

I arrived in Cincinnati the first time in the year 1834. My principal recollection is that I was traveling at twenty years of age, and had spent more money than I ought, in the cities then new to me—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington—in which I had lingered. A few years later, 1838, I re-

member that I arrived at Cincinnati in early May, I think, just in time to hear Rev. Mr. Huntoon preach his farewell sermon on Sunday morning. I was asked to preach in the evening and I filled the vacant pulpit for six weeks. They were among the most delightful weeks of my life, for I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stetson, whose house was then almost the public hotel of the Unitarian stragglers, in black coats or black gowns, who wandered into the city. Childless themselves, they became father and mother to all, with or without a claim, who needed furtherance or shelter. How delightful that hill, where the Stetsons, the Footes, the Greenes so long lived side by side in a sort of garden! I shall never be young again in this world, and so I shall never bring the sauce of youth to the viands that society spreads before me. And who can tell whether the sauce or the fish makes the feast? And so I cannot tell how much my recollections of the Cincinnati circle owe to the period of life they recall.

I knew very little of the man of genius and lofty humanity, whose memory is still precious among you, James H. Perkins. But of your saintly minister, Ephraim Peabody, I am not likely to forget much, now that his daughter cultivates his memory at my own hearth! He preached my ordination sermon in New York. His portrait looks down upon me as I write. What a charm of countenance, of speech, of character and presence he had! The wisdom of this world was never more completely blended with the wisdom that is from on high. He was a wondrous judge of character, and his slow, delayed and sententious wisdom usually ended with a snap like the sound of a whip. He had a genius for morals and religion. He looked, and he was, saintly. His memory is cherished by his old flock in New Bedford, in King's Chapel, Boston, and by the very few who remain who knew him in Cincinnati and in Meadville, still earlier scenes of his fascinating and always elevating influence.

My wife's kinsman, Rev. A. A. Livermore, I have known for nearly fifty years, and always to love and honor. Thank God, he still remains to receive the respect and love of all the people who were ever blessed with his transparent purity of

heart and his calm wisdom of head in Keene, in Cincinnati, and in Meadville. I rejoice to hear such excellent and encouraging accounts of the parish health and prospects. Your church has never wanted hard-working ministers, or devoted people in the pews. Rev. Mr. Mayo will always be remembered for the unflagging zeal he brought to every one of his various spheres of ministry. If I should name the good men and women who have adorned and blessed your church—and whose connection with the parish is as old as my first knowledge of it—I should be afraid of injuring the modesty of those I recall, and wounding the pride of those I should be sure to forget and omit. In such a case silence is golden. But when I speak of noble men and lovely and faithful women in your church whom I have known these —— ? years—I mean—well, *they* know and *I* know—and that is enough—and I won't say *who* I mean—and I really mean everybody who honestly thinks *he* is meant or that *she* is thus delicately referred to!

How I wish I could be with you, but I can't! A great company of our ministers will be in spirit with you, for how many have enjoyed your hearty semi-Southern hospitality! Commend me to any old friends who will care to hear that I still remember them, and believe me,

Very affectionately and fraternally yours,

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

NEW YORK, *January* 1, 1880.

## FROM REV. GEO. W. HOSMER, D.D.

With all my heart I rejoice with you. I remember the establishment of the society. It was the spring-time of our hope for the spread of Liberal Christianity in the West. We were looking for great things, and we young theological students were girding ourselves to go into the fields ripe for the harvest.

At that time Dr. Walker was in Cincinnati, and some man who had heard him once was invited to go and hear him again. "No," said he, "why, I will not be a Unitarian, and if I hear that man again I shall be obliged to be one."

Five years from the beginning of the society I was in Cincinnati, the beautiful, terraced garden city, as it then was—and how the names and faces of the dear old friends come up to me now; Ephraim Peabody, my classmate, the pastor, so wise and loving, the Stetsons, the Greenes—but I must not write all their names, nor attempt to tell what a charming, earnest, happy society it was; so young, bright and hopeful. There were many remarkable persons among them. I have known much of the Unitarians of Cincinnati from that day to this, and the memories are bright spots in my life. While at Antioch College, Cincinnati was one of my homes, and those good friends there—God bless them!—were always ready to give help and cheer out of their generous hearts and pleasant homes. Your society has been very rich in fine characters and noble lives. What a line of ministers, the living and the dead! Perkins and Peabody, so unlike, but in each what consecrated genius,—prophet and saint. Your society has much to think of and to rejoice in. I am glad you are all one again and can rejoice together, and as your second half-century is knocking at your door, in one mind and heart may you welcome it, and with reverent, prayerful aspiration try to make even a better half-century than the last has been.

With earnest congratulation and God-speed, I am with you.

GEO. W. HOSMER.

SALEM, *January* 19, 1880.

## FROM REV. WM. SILSBEE.

In the spring of 1837 I first turned my steps Westward. The circlet of hills which graced the Queen City was green then and no pervading smoke soiled her fair robes. The

society was the most charming, take it all in all, that I had ever known. And the dear church sent out an influence to gladden and elevate the whole place. It is enough to recall the memory of one who ministered to them, now long since passed away, in that remarkable man and preacher, James H. Perkins, whom I should in vain attempt to describe to those who never heard him. I cannot refrain from adding my hearty congratulations to your church on its present bright prospects. I have great confidence that you will prove not unworthy of the founders. Such, at least, is the earnest prayer of,

Your sincere friend,

WM. SILSBEE.

TRENTON, N. Y., *January* 19, 1880.

## FROM REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Your circular came at breakfast this morning, and I make haste to send congratulations and good wishes to the golden wedding to be celebrated by your church on Wednesday. It is an event of the most genuine interest in the history of our faith in the West. Only our church in Louisville runs back to 1830, and if you are not twins—also as twins have never been the good fortune of our Unitarian household, so far as I know—your happy advent in January of that year will make you the oldest church of our order in the West. I wish I could be with you to witness your joy, to hear the story of the day of small things and see the nobler promise with mine own eyes, and to wish for you the great career you are sure to carve out by God's blessing and your own faithful striving in the Athens of the West. In France, they say there is a rose rooted down in sacred ground, they can trace backward for 400 years, abloom still, with no sign of decay about it, but every year roses foaming over the old walls, covering them with beauty and making the whole neighborhood fragrant.

So may it be with the fair rose the fathers and mothers planted in Cincinnati. May the centuries endow it with an enduring beauty and fragrance from God, is the prayer of,

Your ever loving brother,

ROBERT COLLYER.

NEW YORK, *January* 19, 1880.

## FROM REV. E. H. HALL.

I have been delaying my answer to your note, trying to delude myself into the idea that I might accept your very cordial and attractive invitation. Unfortunately, I must decline, as it is impossible for me to leave home at this season, for so long a time; but, nothing could have given me greater pleasure than to have celebrated with you an anniversary that has almost as great an interest for me as for you.

As I left Cincinnati at the early age of two months, I can not retain many personal recollections of the town or parish in those days; but I remember well my father's continued affection for the little church which he helped to found, and I can imagine the vivid interest he would have taken, if he were still living, in your commemoration. In a letter, which lies on my table, written by him to Rev. E. S. Gannett, and dated Cincinnati, February 21st, 1831, he speaks in the strongest language, of the importance and promise of the new movement, and of his regret at abandoning it, as his health compelled him to do. "A more important place than this," he says, "there is not, I believe, in the land. This is often said of many places, by those who live in them; but I do think it may be said pre-eminently of this. This society and its pastor are to give the character of Unitarianism in the whole wide and growing West."

I congratulate you that during the half century which has passed since these words were written, the Liberal cause has been bravely maintained in Cincinnati, and that you can cele-

brate your anniversary with such bright and cheering prospects before you.

With many regrets that I can not be with you, and with sincerest good-wishes for the future, I am,

Yours, with great regard.

EDWARD H. HALL.

WORCESTER, MASS., *January* 7, 1880.

## FROM REV. FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

I am too late to use your very kind hospitality offered to my father's son at your Love Feast. Thank you none the less for thinking of it, and may you begin to-morrow another long term of prosperity and power.

When I was in Cincinnati, a few years ago, I was much struck by the lesson which the reminiscences of my father contained. All who had known him spoke of him to me; but when I recalled this series of conversations, I discovered that not one had said a word of his *preaching*, so absorbed were they all in the memory of his character and personal holiness.

This was what was left after forty years, and it was a living force still; the sermons, which seemed to him, no doubt, his central work, were dead long ago.

I suppose human nature and needs are much the same still.

Faithfully yours,

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, *January* 20, 1880.

## FROM REV. HENRY W. FOOTE.

* * * To one who is looking forward to keeping the two hundredth anniversary of his church before long, your Semi-Centennial seems to cover but a brief span; but it has been long enough to give a goodly show of souls who have made a record for your church in Cincinnati whereof it may be proud. King's Chapel shares with you one of the holiest and purest memories that either church can have in all their history. As the successor of Ephraim Peabody here, I send this belated greeting to his successor in his early parish. May his spirit, purpose and reward be ours.

Truly your friend,

HENRY W. FOOTE.

BOSTON, *January* 23, 1880.

## FROM H. P. KIDDER, ESQ.,

*President of the American Unitarian Association.*

* * Let me congratulate you and your society on your present prosperous condition, adding the hope that it may never be less.

Yours most truly,

H. P. KIDDER.

BOSTON, *January* 17, 1880.

# APPENDIX.

# IN MEMORIAM.

## MRS. CHARLES STETSON.

This beloved and venerated woman—so long the centre of hospitality to Unitarian visitors in Cincinnati—died on the evening of January 6, 1880, in New York, where for ten years past she had resided. She had been declining for two or three years, but her death was very sudden, as she had been at the family tea-table at 6 P. M., and died of a paralytic stroke before 9 P. M. Being at or about eighty, her departure may be regarded as not untimely, and her state of health did not make life sufficiently desirable to allow her friends any other regrets than those awakened by the memory of her useful and benevolent life, and the thought that her gentle face and lovely smile can no more be seen! She has gone to a great reward, if heaven gives the heartiest welcome to those who have rendered the law of kindness most honor and obedience here on earth.

To those who never experienced the charm of the Stetson home—open for nearly half a century with almost boundless hospitality to all homeless visitors with the shadow of a claim on the attention of Mr. Charles Stetson and his wife—it is difficult to tell the emotions awakened in the hearts of the few who survive among the hundreds who once knew the loving kindness and care and delicacy of that noble pair, as they hear that the last of them has gone heavenward! Rich, childless, unpretending, public-spirited, simple in personal tastes, refined and cultivated, lovers of music and the arts, fond of good people and admirers of genius and worth, the Stetsons made their beautiful and generous home the centre of a copious, yet simple hospitality, which has rarely been exceeded, either in sum or quality, by any house known to the somewhat wide experience of the writer. One in feeling and action, agreeing in a curious fondness for promoting the comfort and pleasure of those neglected by others, they made it the main business of their lives to do good as they had opportunity, and to do it, not at arms length, but by personal service. Their house was always full of guests; they welcomed our Unitarian clergy, artists, philanthropists, strangers from abroad, and rising aspirants at home, besides doing their full part towards the general society of Cincinnati. Their horses and carriages were always carrying round others to see the beautiful country about their city; and to many Eastern folk the Stetsons' home was the largest part of Cincinnati.

How many of our ministers, young forty years ago, must be thrilled with tender gratitude as they hear of Mrs. Stetson's departure, and recall the thoughtfulness, heartiness, and simplicity of her hospitality to them, when they were unknown and without any claim except that of their profession and their solitude! We should, perhaps, never have had a Unitarian society in Cincinnati but for their interest, liberality and hospitality to our ministers. At any rate, the fiftieth anniversary of our church there, celebrated on the coming 21st of January, will date back to a time when the Stetsons were better known in connection with our cause than any household in the West.

Mr. Stetson died about five years ago. He was very unfortunate during the last decade of his life, and earned his living, after a long career of prosperity, by the performance of a clerk's duties in the New York Custom House. But his sweetness, his wit, his love of children, his pride of character, his charm of sympathy, his childlikeness of heart never left him; and he bore his crushing misfortunes with manly courage, broken and infirm as his body was, and wounded and sick as his heart must have been.

Mrs. Stetson, just gone, was a woman who united a sort of Quaker simplicity of face and costume with a decided originality of thought and a very marked individuality. Strength and self-respect were beautifully blent with modesty, genuineness and unworldliness of nature. She lived in the world and enjoyed and used it, but she never allowed it to use her. She had not a particle of cant or sanctimoniousness about her, but she was spiritually-minded in the truest sense, and religious to the core. Free, and without dogmatic fetters, she was Christian in spirit and faith. For a woman who had so little love of change, and so little intellectual ambition, she was singularly courageous and independent in her opinions. Though childless, she carried an atmosphere of universal motherliness about her, and a purity and sympathetic ardor that mixed affection and simplicity with insight and freshness of judgment. She loved many and much, and was greatly beloved by many who must associate the happiest years of life with her image.

The beloved sister, who shared her home and became at last the watchful guardian of her decline, is worthy of the respect and honor she now inherits as the sole survivor of all the memories of the Stetson household. May every consolation wait upon her loneliness, and faith and patience attend her remaining days!

H. W. B.

## HYMN WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION

OF THE

## New Organ of the First Congregational Church,

JANUARY 18TH, 1880.

BY W. H. VENABLE.

Our Father, we would consecrate
This organ to Thy righteous name;
The conscious reeds expectant wait,
Thy solemn praises to proclaim.

Oft may these sacred keys prolong
Devotion's calm, celestial mood;
Oft lead the glad thanksgiving song,
And melt the soul to gratitude.

Long may returning Sabbaths greet
Our choral joy in things divine,
Prelusive to the doctrines sweet,
Of him who taught in Palestine.

Yea, let the organ's solemn breath
Resound Thy praises, Holy One!
Thy grace surviveth sin and death,
Forevermore thy will be done.

The venerable Western poet, Wm. D. Gallagher, whose name is identified with the early history of the society, also sent to the festival a poem, entitled "In Exaltis," whose length, unfortunately, precludes the insertion here of more than the following fragment:

"And I cried out, O man to the House of Prayer,
Made with hands—go up, for Thy God is there;
And, in the days of thy beautiful youth,
Bow down, and worship in spirit and truth;
In the mightier years of thy ripening age,
There still against Sin in the battle engage;
But say not of him who goes out and stands
In that grand old Temple *not* made with hands,
And hungers and thirsts, and worships and waits,
And for righteousness strives and supplicates.
*That he errs:* for Christ and his Cross are there,
And God's angels come to him unaware."

# ODE FOR THE DEDICATION

OF THE

# First Congregational Church of Cincinnati,

TO THE

# ONE ALMIGHTY GOD,

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION,

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT, OF BOSTON.

I.

To GOD, to GOD alone,
This temple have we reared;
To God, who holds a throne
Unshaken and unshared.
Sole King of Heaven
Who'st heard our prayers
And blessed our cares,
To thee 'tis given.

II

O thou, whose bounty fills
This plain so rich and wide,
And makes its guardian hills
Rejoice on every side,
With shady tree
And growing grain,
This decent fane
We give to thee.

III.

Thou, who hast ever stooped
To load our land with good,
Whose hand this vale hath scooped,
And rolleth down its flood
To the far sea—
This home we raise,
And now, with praise,
Devote to thee.

IV.

To all, O God of love,
Dost thou thy footsteps show—
The white and blue above,
The green and gold below,
The grove, the breeze,
The morning's beam,
The star, the stream,—
They're seen in these.

V.

Where now, in goodly show,
Thy domes of art are piled,
Thy paths, not long ago,
Dropped fatness on a wild.
O let us see
Thy goings here
Where now we rear
A house for thee.

VI.

Nursed by the blessed dew,
And light of Bethlehem's star,
A vine on Calvary grew
And cast its shade afar.
A storm went by—
One blooming bough
Torn off, buds now
Beneath our sky.

VII.

O let no drought or blight,
This plant of thine come nigh;
But may the dew, all night,
Upon its branches lie;
Till towards this vine
All flesh shall press,
And taste and bless
Its fruit and wine.

VIII.

Because, O Lord! thy grace
Hath visited the West,
And given our hearts a place
Of worship and of rest;
Old age and youth,
The weak, the strong,
Shall praise in song
Thy grace and truth.

*May 23rd, 1830.*

IX.

The grace and truth that came
By thine Anointed Son,
Here let such lips proclaim
As fire hath fallen upon
From out the high
And holy place
Where dwells in grace
Thy Deity.

X.

To thee, to thee alone,
This temple have we reared,—
To thee—before whose throne
Unshaken and unshared,
Sole King of Heaven,
With thanks we bow—
This temple now
For praise is given.

# ORIGINAL HYMNS

WRITTEN FOR THE

## ORDINATION OF REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY

AS PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

IN CINCINNATI, MAY 20th, 1832.

### I.

Oh! Thou before whose glorious brow,
With veiling wings Archangels bow,
May our deep, trembling prayer
To mercy's ear accepted rise,
Through the rich music of the skies,
And blend harmonious there.

Thou wert not in the earthquake's crash,
Nor in the bannered lightning's flash
That flamed o'er mount and grove;
But in the low, soft breath that stirr'd
The conscious leaves, *Thy* voice was heard
In mercy and in love.

Lord! let that sweet and holy strain
Breathe through this dedicated fane,
Thy bessing here descend,
While praise and incense heavenward roll.
Fill with thy glory every soul,
Our Father and our friend!

May he whose pastoral hand shall guide
This flock where living waters glide,
Here, angel-strengthened be;
With unpolluted lips impart
Immortal truths, and lift each heart
Adoring unto *Thee*.

## II.

That voice which bade the dead arise,
And gave back vision to the blind,
Is hushed but when he sought the skies,
Our master left his word behind.

'Twas not to bid the ocean roll,—
'Twas not to bid the hill be riven;
No,—'twas to lift the fainting soul,
And lead the erring mind to heaven.

To heave a mountain from the heart,—
To bid those inner springs be stirred:
Lord, to thy servant here impart
The more than wisdom of that word.

Dwell, Father, 'round this earthly Fane,
And when its feeble walls decay,
Be with us as we meet again,
Within thy halls of endless day.

NOTE.—These hymns were presumably written by MR. PEABODY.

# ORIGINAL HYMNS

WRITTEN BY JAS. H. PERKINS FOR THE

## ORDINATION OF WILLIAM H. CHANNING,

AS

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY,

CINCINNATI.

MAY 10, 1839.

### I.

Almighty God! with hearts of flesh,
Into thy presence we have come,
To breathe our filial vows afresh,
And make thy house once more our home.

We know that thou art ever nigh;
We know that thou art with us here:
That every action meets thine eye,
And every secret thought thine ear.

But grant us God, this truth to feel,
As well as know; grant us the grace,
Somewhat as Adam knew thee, still
To know and see thee, face to face.

Here, while we breathe again our vows,
Appointing one to minister
In holy things within this house,
Grant us to feel that thou art here.

## II.

The storm-shaken winter
Has passed from earth's bosom,
And spring to our borders,
Brings back bird and blossom—
Through all her sweet life-strings,
Through all her glad voices,
In daylight and darkness,
Old Nature rejoices.

And we have known winter,
The dark storm hath swept us;
But God, our preserver,
Hath graciously kept us;
The winter is passing,
The spring bursts around us,
And he has with new bands
Of brotherhood bound us.

To thank him, our Father,
As brethren we come here;
Our hopes and our wishes—
Henceforth be their home here!
Almighty Redeemer,
We ask not to fear thee,—
But, like our Great Teacher,
To know, love, revere thee.

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